I Need You

by happyfacerajan

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Summary: Desire is the form of all human suffering according to Buddhism, but what is life without a little suffering? What is life without a small indulgence in desire?

I Need You

I haven't uploaded onto Fanfiction since like... 2013 omg. I'm so sorry. I don't even have an excuse... I just haven't been writing as much as I used to. Enjoy this stupid one shot as a terrible apology.

With setting a signature quick, Kageyama got a rush. He could feel his heart pumping, his lungs filling with air, his sweat dripping down his temple. He could feel everything. And he wanted more. He wanted to feel this excitement as much as he could, as much as his body could take.

Seeing the other side of the court open up before him: it was unlike anything Hinata had ever experienced. The strain of his legs, his palm against the ball, his weightlessness, he could feel it all. He never wanted anything more in his life than to just do it again and again and again.

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Without the other, Hinata and Kageyama were both odd shaped gears trying to fit in where they couldn't, exceptional machine parts but ill fitting without the other. Together, they could accomplish as much as the other wanted, or as little. They were one entity. One working machine, turning and pumping and working just as hard as the rest. They needed each other to get the rush. To succeed, they must have each other.

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This rush was different. They still felt excited, but it was different. They not only desired what the other person could give them, no they were too far gone. They wanted the other person. Physically, mentally, everything. And Kageyama wasn't afraid of getting what he desired. An extended practice, a little longer in the locker room, and the rest of the team was gone. Just the two machines remained, and Kageyama pounced. He felt the rush as he kissed Hinata, they both did. The action wasn't unexpected, but it took the breath out of them none the less.

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They moved faster, kissing heatedly harder and thicker and hotter and clothes began to fall away as the rush increased to nearly dangerous amounts. Hinata laughed as Kageyama's hands shyly ran down his sides and up his back, tracing his smaller shoulder blades. Kageyama smiled as well, but hid it in another kiss. Their chests were touching, along with any other part of themselves that they could possibly manage. Entwined fingers, neck kisses, sweet words, they had both desired each other more with each quick, and this rush was greater than anything they had ever imagined. And they both wanted it again.

End
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